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THE ANSWER OF *DENIS FEAGAN*,

BREECHES-MAKER, AT EDENDERRY,

TO THE LETTER OF

DARBY TRACY,

CHAIRMAN IN ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON.

WHEREIN IS CLEARLY PROVED THE BAD EFFECTS AND MISFORTUNES

AN UNION WITH GREAT BRITAIN,

WILL HAVE ON THE INTEREST AND HAPPINESS OF

THE COMMON PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

NABOUCLISH.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR JAMES MOORE, NO. 45, COLLEGE-GREEN.

1799.

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APR

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

MY friend Mr. Feagan's name having been obtruded on the Public by ſome officious medler little better than a green-gooſe, *he applied to me for my advice. I recommended his immediate reply to the letter addreſſed to him, as plain truth requires little premeditation, and to ſend it to you for publication, by which means he would clear himſelf from any participation in opinions contained therein, and ſhew himſelf a* true born Iriſhman. *As I was coming to town he entruſted the delivery of his letter to me, which I now ſend encloſed, and requeſt you will make it public as ſoon as convenient.*

W. E.

December 23*d* 1799.

BRITISH
MUSEUM
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APR

AN

ANSWER,

&c. &c,

DEAR DARBY,

I SHOULD never have received your laſt letter in anſwer to mine, but for the good natured kindneſs of an old ſhop-mate that works in Dublin, for you muſt know that it was loſt on the way, and by my ſoul ſome *comical joker* or truſty captain that deals in turf nigh the Grand Canal as I hear took the trouble of printing it, and my friend ſeeing my name printed in the *news*, had as I ſaid afore the good-natured kindneſs to buy it and ſend it to me. As to the matter of *my name appearing in print* I don't much mind that, for where is the man that can ſay I ever did him a harm, and for that matter many a thouſand names of men *poorer than myſelf* and of but *bad characters too* have been put *into*

print

print lately by high authority as I am told, but by my conſcience Darby when I read your letter I muſt ſay, that I felt my two cheeks like a coal of fire on your account, and I was then certain that although you nor none of your family ever will be made fine Gentlemen of, yet I ſaw plainly that you had forgot *your own old Ireland* and that your *ſtand* in St. James's-ſtreet had ſo *Engliſied* you that you had turned tail to the bleſſed country where you firſt drew breath. I wiſh you much joy of your carriage, and your nephew Dick being ſo able to work the poles, and requeſt as a matter of favour and for old acquaintance ſake, that you will ſtick to that and not be taking a pen in your fiſt (for a bad fiſt you make of it) inſtead of the end of your pole. You ſay we are kicking up a fine *row* in Dublin about the Union. But Darby my boy there you are out as well as many others for the row as you call it (where the devil did you pick up that word) is not only in Dublin *but all over the iſland from one corner to the other*, and Darby you muſt know that this *row* was not kicked up by us but by *ſome Engliſhmen here* who would not let us alone when we wanted nothing but *peace and quietneſs*. After putting down the diſturbances and beating the French, they ſhould have let us take breath before *they fell upon us*. You know

know Darby it was always reckoned *foul play* to ſtrike a man while he's down. But I believe weak as we were, we were ſtill able to give them enough of it, and pleaſe God this winter we hope to make them give over,

You aſk me do I remember Nick Caſſidy, what ſort of a fellow do you take me for, that I ſhould forget my old acquaintance ſo ſoon? Was'nt Nick and I old ſchool-fellows ſince we were both the ſize of a ſod of turf? No, no, I am no travelled gentleman yet Mr. Darby. And ſo becauſe you borrowed a pamphlet or two from Nick you think you are able to ſee nothing in the reaſons againſt the Union that "*touches the like of us.*" How the devil can you be ſo ſtupid, don't you know that if all my cuſtomers was to *quit me* I ſhould move to ſome other place, and if Parliament men tranſport themſelves to England, by my own ſoul many a man will be ſtarved in this here country.—How am I to get potatoes for Judy and the ſix little ones, if all the gentlemen that now employ me were to move off and go and live at your ſide of the waters: it might do for you Darby for your poles would be kept going ſweetly, when you had all the tip top gentry from this poor country with you, for they'd be ſo *damned proud* that they'd forget the way they uſed

to

to walk here, when your great man would have crammed them with his Damned Bribes, for you well know Darby that *they are more cute* than to sell their country for *nothing*—and yet you say there is nothing in this *that touches the like of us Darby*—but you want to know what has parliament done for us poor? Why I suppose you have never heard as how they have taken off the hearth money tax from us poor and laid it on the rich, (and by the by your great man has turned out Sir John that did it for us, because he wou'd not betray his country) and who should be put in his place but the *smooth* little *shallow sleveen* from Newry, that used to keep you up so late with the sedan, making long speeches all about the good of the people, and *reform*, and the *sweet liberty*, and such like, oh Darby many a curse you gave that *cunning fellow*, when you were marching and counter-marching to warm your toes waiting for a hazard on the steps of the Parliament-house, and do you know what he done to be even with us for taking off the hearth-money, by the Lord Harry as you say yourself he has laid a tax on windows that surpasses all calculation, and what he'll do with the overplus God knows, and God send he does'nt make *bad use* of it, with this same Parliament that you are so out of temper with; why man I don't

don't pay a halfpenny of taxes no more nor yourſelf, no nor as much either, for I keep no ſedan and ſo I am more than even with you there—and who am I to thank for this but our own ſweet Parliament may God bleſs them and preſerve them to us.—As to tithes Darby they are as you ſay a heavy load, but not quite ſo bad as you make them but I don't ſee why *our own Parliament* may not more naturally be expected to *relieve us* than any foreign parliament whatever, and by my own ſoul if your united Parliament was to take off tithes they'd bother us with ſome other tax, may-be twice as bad for if they haven't it in MEAL, I'll be damned but they'll have it in MALT.

Take my advice, Darby, and let that *little black-muzzled fellow, Patrick Duigenan*, alone, for he is a *worthy*. I am told he has written, *by way of a joke*, a ſwinging pamphlet for the Union; but all the time he proves that there is nothing *half ſo good as* NO UNION; and, "by the Lord Harry," as you ſay, I'll make one with him there. But, Darby, you ſay that the Speaker (who is and always was a true friend to Ireland, even when we were ready to cut his throat, and has been the means, as I am told, under God, of ſaving us from many a ſtarvation) will loſe ſix thouſand a year by the Union, as he

can't

can't expect to be made Speaker of the Engliſh Houſe, after his oppoſing the Union. Blood and fire, that you ſhould be ſo damned ſtupid. Don't you think, *Billy Pitt*, would give him as good a place among you as he has here, if he'd be ſo baſe as to ſell his country. Aye, by my own ſoul, would he, and one *twice as good to the back of it*.

As to the Aldermen, I know nothing about them; but if they are againſt the Union, I am ſure they are in the right, and have my good wiſhes.

May I never ſin, Darby, but I believe you think us all fools, and that you have *more cuteneſs than any of us*, when you talk of your United Parliament. What can any of us Catholics expect from them *here*, when in *their own country* there are but 20,000 of us at moſt, and they will not let us *into any preferment*; whereas already here we have liberty to ſhare in almoſt every place under government. Can you ſhew me one of our perſuaſion a high ſheriff of a county in *this ſame liberal England*, or on a grand jury, *or what's leſs, even on a petty jury*, as they call it; and if they will not be kind to ſo ſmall a number of us there, what reaſon have we to think that when it encreaſes by our number here, added to theirs,

theirs, they will be more liberal than they were afore?

Darby ſtick to your poles and don't be fooliſh.—I have waſted too much time in anſwering your bundle of ſtuff, but muſt take notice of a ſlip in your letter. You ſay that it will ſurpriſe me to hear that England raiſed upwards of forty times as much this year for carrying on the war, as Ireland ever paid of taxes in any one year. May I never go, but that did ſurpriſe me, and ſet me on aſking about it of one of my neighbours more learned nor I. At firſt he did not underſtand it, but he ſays he ſuppoſes you mean the ſupplies; if ſo, he ſaid, *you advanced a damnable lie*, (his words, by the Lord Harry) for that England raiſed about fifty million this year, while Ireland raiſed ſeven, which he ſays inſtead of being forty to one *is only ſeven to one*; for, ſays he, ſeven multiplied by ſeven is forty-nine, which is pretty cloſe upon fifty

You ſato, "that it is all laid upon the income of the rich, and *the more* they ſcrew their tenants *the more* they are obliged to pay?" I have often wondered, while writing this, how you could be *ſo damn'd ſtupid*; but by the Lord Harry, *this*

this bangs all. Why you hound, ſure for every hundred they ſcrew out of their tenants, they pay *but ten*, and therefore *they make ninety*; and what is this but giving a premium (as the lottery boys call it), *for grinding the face of the poor.* Our Parliament, Darby, are very ſoon to meet, when *we are certain that they will remain true to their Country*, and always protect us from any other power, whether French, or not.

You talk of *our poverty*, but you don't tell us *who made us poor.* Ah, Darby, you ought to remember the proverb, "*it's a dirty bird, &c.*" I have given my reaſons againſt the Union, and think I'm up to you at any rate, Darby. May I never *ſtick needle in buck-ſkin*, if I wiſh you the leaſt harm, but on the contrary, both to you and family, many happy returns of this ſeaſon, and hope in your next to hear of an alteration in your opinion, in which hope I remain,

Your loving friend till death,

DENIS FEAGAN.

Edenderry, Dec. 23, 1799.

FINIS.